*Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie.*

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

*Qu.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter?
What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

*Boy* I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

*Qu.* Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

*Boy.* This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court.
A Phantaſime a Monorcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

*Qu.* Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

*Clow.* I told you my Lord.

*Qu.* To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it;

*Clow.* From my Lord to my Lady.

*Qu.* From which Lord, to which Lady.

*Clo.* From my Lord *Berowne* a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

*Qu.* Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Heere ſweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

*Boy.* Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

*Roſa.* Shall I teach you to know.

*Boy.* I my continent of Beautie.

*Roſa.* Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

*Boy.* My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.

*Roſa.* Well then, I am the ſhooter.

*Boy.* And who is your Deare?

*Roſa.* If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare.
Finely put on indeede.

*Maria.* You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

*Boyet.*



*Boyet.* But ſhe her ſelfe is hit low
Haue I hit her now.

*Roſa.* Shall I come vpon thee wi
man when King *Pippin* of *France*
the hit it.

*Boyet.* So I may anſwere thee wi
man when Queene *Guinouer* of *Br*
touching the hit it.

*Roſa.* Thou canſt not hit it, hit it
Thou canſt not hit it my good man

*Boy.* I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can.

*Clo.* By my troth moſt pleaſant,

*Mar.* A marke maruellous well

*Boy.* A Mark, O marke but that m
Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to

*Mar.* Wide a'th bow hand, yfait

*Clo.* Indeede a'muſt ſhoote neare

*Boy.* And if my hand be out, the

*Clow.* Then will ſhe get the vpſh

*Ma.* Come, come, you talke gr

*Clow.* She's too hard for you at
boule.

*Boy.* I feare too much rubbing

*Clo.* By my ſoule a Swaine, a mo
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I h
O my troth moſt ſweet ieſts, moſt i
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo o
*Armathor* ath to the ſide, O a moſt
To ſee him walke before a Lady, an
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how
And his Page at other ſide, that han
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall ni
Sowla, ſowla.

Shoote with h

*Enter Dull, Holofernes, the*

*Nat.* Very reuerent ſport truely
of a good conſcience.